

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)"

*[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]*

(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)  
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?  
(Why you screamin' man?)  
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}  
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}  
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}  
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)  
{FUCK YOU!!}

*[Rip:]*

Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement  
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense  
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench  
Without me you're defenseless you better face it  
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex  
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex  
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath  
I had to keep the situation in check  
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best  
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back  
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'  
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em  
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em  
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

*[Bis:]*

Yo, calm down

*[Rip:]*

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?  
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"  
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind  
I wrote all your best lyrical lines  
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines  
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes  
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes  
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride  
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis  
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

*[Bis:]*

C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it  
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it  
If its one thing I learned in show biz  
Stay focused and don't quit Rip  
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

*[Rip:]*

    Germaine, you fuckin' water brain  
    Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream  
    You should just call out names  
    The industry's all about game  
    I shit on 'em all the same  
    And I leave spit stains on their brain  
    Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers  
    Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is  
    I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience  
    I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages  
    Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us  
    You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

*[Bis:]*

No, that's ridiculous

*[Rip:]*

    Aiight then, listen to mine  
    I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you  
    Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do  
    Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils  
    Bury you next to shark fossils  
    Make it impossible to find you  
    Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
    With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
    Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console  
    Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole  
    Suck the power out of your soul  
    You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go  
    Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow  
    Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke  
    I can kill you by drownin' the globe  
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat  
    In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope  
    Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
    No? I thought so, neither do I  
    It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi  
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business  
    And probably in existence, what's your consensus?  
    Study my own syntax statistics since '96  
    With CPA certified assistance  
    I made a decision that my standards are above precision  
    The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women  
    Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it  
    Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive  
    Just practice your penmanship  
    If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
    Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
    According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess  
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip

Got millions of blueprints on zip disk  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits  
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this  
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist  
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

*[Bis:]*

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved  
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you  
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you  
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo  
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"  
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you  
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?  
Look what it's runnin' into  
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you  
I'm tired of fuckin' with you  
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you  
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical  
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual  
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you  
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you  
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you  
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you  
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga  
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you  
What happened between L and you, forget it  
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit  
A lot of people don't want to admit it  
But I consider it a real privilege  
To bear witness to your lyrics  
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message  
Like Tupac before he left us  
The author of the work ethic Genesis  
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts  
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis  
But I've reached a precipice  
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever  
There's always somebody with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason  
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?  
I keep your whereabouts secret  
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

*[Rip:]*

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me  
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me  
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie  
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me  
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep  
Get the fuck out my face nigga!